

MODERN

COMICS

52

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No. 102

10¢

WAR
IN SEVENTY TWO
HOURS... Can the
BLACKHAWKS
prevent it
in time?



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

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BLACKHAWK



FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH THEY CAME TO MERGE INTO THE GLORIOUS TEAM OF FIGHTERS FOR RIGHT AND JUSTICE — AND TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH THEY NOW GO IN QUEST OF A FORBIDDING DOCUMENT THAT CAN MEAN LIFE OR DEATH FOR MILLIONS! THEY ARE THE GALLANT, DARING BLACKHAWKS!

A MEETING IN A DISTANT CAPITAL...

I TELL YOU, MARLIS, MY COUNTRYMEN OF FORNIRIA ARE CONVINCED THAT NO SECRET TREATY FORSWEARING WAR BETWEEN OUR LANDS EXISTS!

BUT IT DOES...IT DOES! I HAVE ASKED THE BLACKHAWKS HERE TO CONFIRM THAT IT DOES!

MARLIS IS TELLING THE TRUTH, BENAY! I WAS PRESENT A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO WHEN THE FORMER BELOVED CHIEFS OF BOTH YOUR COUNTRIES SIGNED THE TREATY!

BUT THE TENSION BETWEEN SERANIA AND FORNIRIA GROWS HOURLY! AND UNLESS WE CAN PRODUCE THE DOCUMENT...THERE WILL BE WAR!







NEITHER OF THEM HAS THE SAME CONFIDENCE OF THEIR PEOPLE THAT THEIR PREDECESSORS HAD!

BUT STILL THEY BOTH SEEM TO WANT PEACE AS MUCH!



THAT'S TRUE! BUT THE HISTORIC TENSIONS BETWEEN THE TWO LANDS HAS FLARED UP AGAIN AND NOW IT HAS BECOME PLAIN THAT ONLY PROOF THAT THE TWO BELOVED, DEPARTED PREMIERS HAD MADE THE FACT COULD PREVENT WAR!

IN SHORT, DER PEOPLE WOULD NOT SAN MAKING WAR OUT OF RESPECT TO DER WILL OF DER DEAD PREMIERS!



EXACTLY! BUT OBVIOUSLY THE POLITICIANS HAVE BEEN AT WORK AGAIN! JUST WHEN IT BECAME IMPERATIVE TO PRODUCE THE TREATY, IT DISAPPEARED!

WELL, MARLIS SAYS HIS CRACK DETECTIVE IS BRINGING IT BACK SO THERE PROBABLY WON'T BE MUCH FOR US TO DO HERE!



VELLY MUCH TOO BAD WE COME ALL THIS WAY AND NOT FIND ONE GOOD FIGHT!

THIS IS ONE PLACE I'D AS SOON NOT RUN INTO A FIGHT, CHOP CHOP! A WAR HERE THESE DAYS COULD BLOW UP TO TERRIBLE PROPORTIONS!



HEY, SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S COMING ON THE RUN!



GRADNA! YOU HAVE ARRIVED! YOU HAVE THE DOCUMENT!

Y-YES! AT LAST THAT HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE IS OVER!



BUT NOW IT'S HERE... IN THE BOX!

AND YOU FOUND IT IN SPAIN?















ANY OF WASTES ONE! CAN YOU WERE NOT AS INDIFFERENT TO ME AS I FEARED!

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, BIG BOY IT'S JUST THAT I NEVER REALIZED UNTIL NOW WHAT KIND OF MURDERING CHARACTERS I WAS WORKING FOR! I OVER-HEARD WHAT THEY SAID TO YOU!



QUICK! WE MAY WANT TO BE THROUGH WITH THIS JOB IN TIME TO WELCOME THE SCORLLAS WHEN THEY ARE COMING BACK FROM THE LUNCH!

PARADE! THERE EYES JUST ONE REAPER HERE THAT LOOKS LIKE A PEACE TREATY!



HERE THEY COME! I HEARD THE ELEVATOR STOP OUTSIDE! WELL, NICE KNOWING YOU FELLOWS! IF YOU HEAR OF A GOOD JOB, LET ME KNOW! I'M QUITTING AS OF NOW! GOODBYE!

AH, BEAUTIFUL ONE, A CHARMING CREATURE SUCH AS YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TO WORK AT ALL! ADIEU!



THEY BROKE LOGS!

PLUG 'EM! I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED OUT SPIKE'S FANCY METHODS ON 'EM!



BETTER YOU BOYS ARE SAYING YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED ANYTHING AT ALL WITH US!

JAY YOU CAN SEE HOW QUICK WE ARE TO RESENT THINGS!



ALORS! WE DID NOT FIND THE DOCUMENT! I HOPE OUR COMRADES IN SHANGHAI OR BARCELONA WILL BE MORE SUCCESSFUL!

IT IS TIME TO START BACK TO SERAHIA AND FIND OUT!

AND IN BARCELONA...



THIS IS THE PLACE GRADNA TOLD US ABOUT ALL RIGHT! AND HE MENTIONED A GIRL NAMED BONITA CONNECTED WITH THE THUGS HE EN-COUNTERED HERE!

BONITA IS NAME OF DANCER TOO! I HEAR A MAN CALL TO HER!



COME ON, CHOP CHOP! SHE'S ASKING US TO COME BACK WITH HER, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS! OOO... HOW EASY SHE'S MAKING THIS FOR US!

VELLY PECULIAR!





AND THUS, AS THE CLOCK MOVES INEXORABLY CLOSER TO THE END OF THE DREADED SEVENTY-TWO HOURS...





A SURE-FIRE WESTERN



52
Pages

TWO-FISTED TALES OF THE WEST!
- ARIZONA RAINES
DEAD CANYON DAYS
TWO-GUN LIL
FRONTIER MARSHAL

**EVERY
ISSUE
A HIT!**

EZRA

EZRA, HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? WHY DID YOU PAINT ONE SIDE OF YOUR CAR BLUE AND THE OTHER SIDE RED?

JUST THINK OF THE FUN I'LL HAVE IN COURT IF I EVER HAVE AN ACCIDENT! CAN'T YOU HEAR THE WITNESS ON ONE SIDE OF THE STREET ARGUING WITH THE WITNESS ON THE OTHER?

BUT YOUR HONOR, THE CAR WAS BLUE!

IT WAS RED!



OH-OH! THIS BODES NO GOOD! THERE'S DILSBURY TRYING TO BEAT MY TIME WITH MYRNA! I'D BETTER CUT IN AND GET HER OKAY THIS A.M. BEFORE HE DATES HER FOR THIS P.M.!

AND IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING THIS AFTERNOON, MYRNA...

SHE IS! SHE'S GOING DRIVING WITH ME!





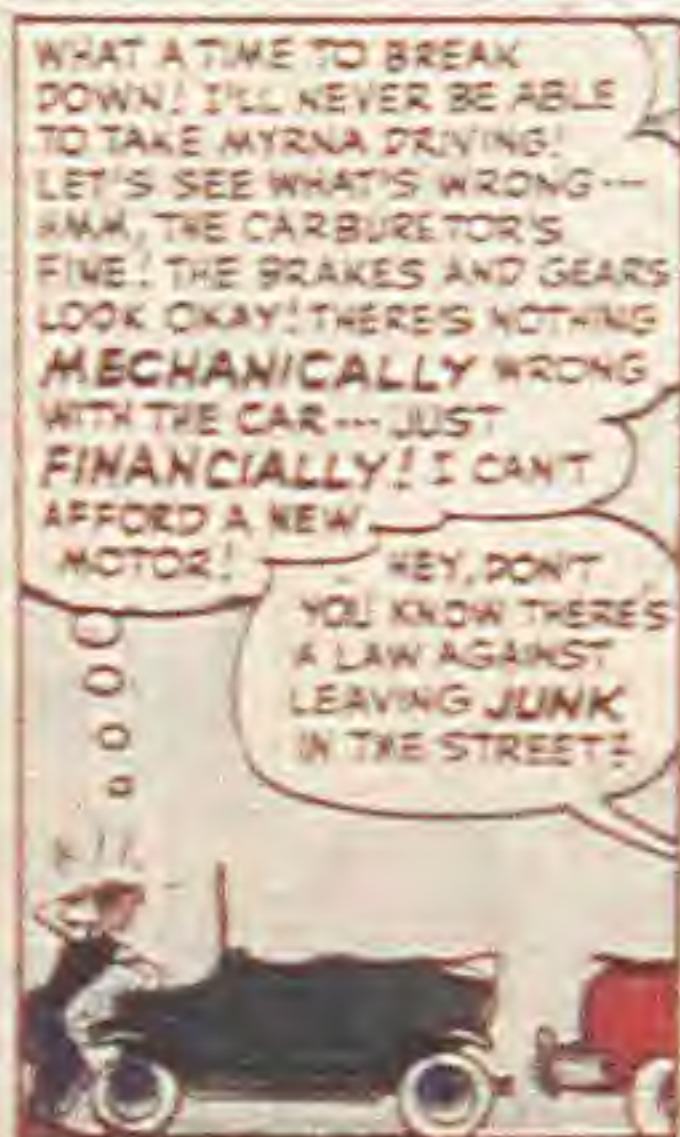
SOON AFTER...

NOW'S THE TIME WHILE EZRA'S BUSY EATING! HEH HEH! A LITTLE SALT AND SOME SOAP CHIPS IN HIS RADIATOR AND THINGS WILL REALLY START POPPING!



LATER...

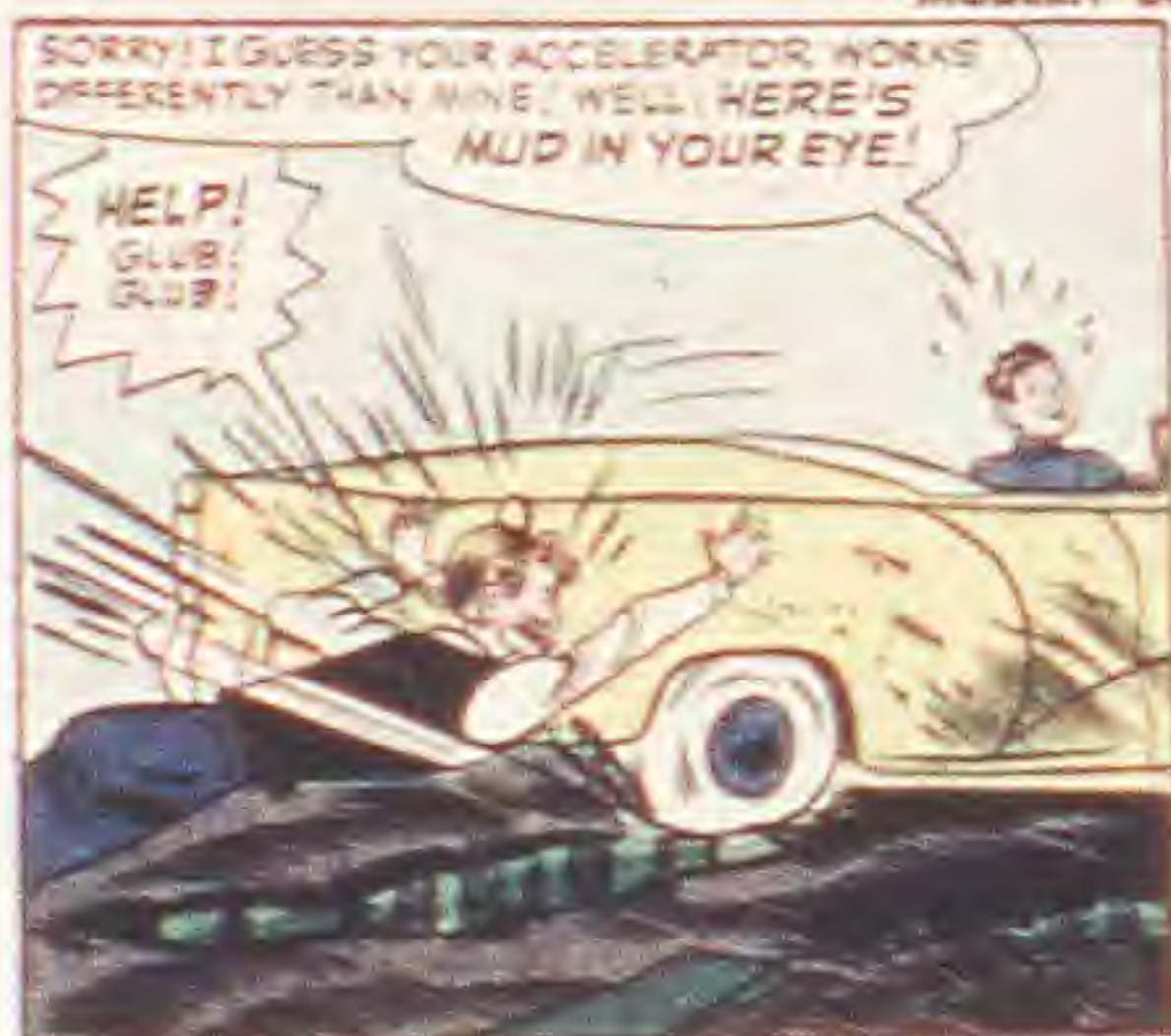
I WONDER WHERE DEAN IS? I'D LIKE TO DRIVE BY WITH MYRNA AND SEE THE LOOK ON HIS... OH, OH! MY RADIATOR'S EXPLODING!













TORCHY

STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR COPY OF "FOREVER MOONSTONE" AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR, MISS TORCHY TODD!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE CURLING UP WITH A GOOD BOOK. I ALWAYS SAY!

DID TORCHY TODD WRITE "FOREVER MOONSTONE"? HER ROOMMATE, TESS, AND ED, TRACY BEAM TO THINK SO!

AND ALL THIS LEADS TO A CONCLUSION THAT HAS THE MOST FAVORABLE RESULTS...









I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW!



I LIKE SUDSY-MUDSY SOAP! SUDSY-MUDSY IS MY HOPE! IT'S THE SOAP'S SET MY HEART ON. ALWAYS BUY IT BY THE CARTON. I LIKE SUDSY-MUDSY SOAP!



I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS STACK OF PAPERS SO THAT TESS AND ED WON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING! AND I'VE GOT TO GET MY ENTRY IN---



YOU CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN WORKING YOURSELF INTO A LATHER, TORCHY!

WELL, SUDSY-MUDSY PRODUCES THE BEST LATHER--ER--I MEAN--THAT IS, I'M GOING TO THE POST OFFICE! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE!



I'M LOOKING FOR THEOPHILUS TODD! DOES HE LIVE HERE?

YOU MEAN THAT ABSENT-MINDED WRITER, FELLER? HE'S LOCKED UP IN HIS ROOM AND HE AIN'T SEEN NO ONE!

And UPSTAIRS---

...AND SIR HUBERT FIERCELY EMBRACED MOONSTONE IN HIS BRAWNY ARMS! HIS VOICE, HUSKY WITH PASSION, WHISPERED, "YOU ARE MINE FOREVER, MOONSTONE!"



THAT'S IT--THE TITLE FOR MY GREAT HISTORICAL NOVEL--"FOREVER MOONSTONE"! I, THEOPHILUS TODD, HAVE DONE IT AT LAST! BUT NOW I MUST SEND IT TO THE PUBLISHERS! THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR IT!











WHEW! WAIT A DAY. I WON'T TELL TESS AND ED ABOUT THIS UNTIL I HAVE THE MONEY IN MY HAND! THEN I'LL REALLY SURPRISE THEM!



TORCHY WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PUT THROUGH A WRINGER!

DON'T MENTION ANYTHING TO DO WITH WASHING! TESS! THE SUBJECT EXHAUSTS ME!



TWO WEEKS LATER—

OH, MY GOODNESS, THERE'S BEEN SOME MISTAKE!

AM I SEEING DOUBLE? THAT LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE TORCHY TO—

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THAT IS TORCHY!



DON'T TELL ME YOU WROTE THAT NOVEL IN THE TWO DAYS YOU WERE COOPED UP IN YOUR ROOM?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, TESS! I WAS WRITING A LIMERICK FOR THE SUDSY-MUDSY CONTEST!



THE PUBLISHERS OF THAT BOOK ARE MUTTON AND MUTTON! WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY AND CLEAR THIS UP—BEFORE THE REAL AUTHOR OF THAT BOOK SLAPS A SUIT ON YOU!



MOONSTONE IS MINE! I CREATED HER BLONDE BEAUTY OUT OF BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS! AND HERE IS A CARBON COPY OF THE MANUSCRIPT TO PROVE IT! OFFICER, ARREST THIS MAN!

BUT—BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! MUTTON AND MUTTON WILL BE IN A STEW!



YOU—YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS!

HELLO MR. MUTTON—I CAME TO EXPLAIN—

IT CAN'T BE—BUT YOU'RE MOONSTONE!



AIRBORNE ADVENTURE

WHEN Blackhawk and his blue-clad companions stepped from the plane that had just landed at the airport in Mexico City, a young man in Mexican army uniform stepped stiffly up to them. He wore the insignia of lieutenant and behind him stood a squad of riflemen with guns poised.

"You are the Blackhawks, senora?" he asked crisply.

"Yes, Lieutenant," Blackhawk himself answered the query, "and this is my crew." He pointed to Ander, Chuck, Stanislaus, Olaf, Hendrickson and Chop Chop.

"Then you are under Military arrest!" snapped the lieutenant. He turned to the corporal in charge of the squad. "Put these men in irons, Corporal," he commanded, "and load them into the prison van."

Consternation showed on the faces of the new arrivals. As one of the riflemen stepped up to Blackhawk and snapped a pair of steel handcuffs onto his wrists, the leader of the famous band of adventurers lifted his head and stared into the unwavering eyes of the officer. "By whose orders are we being arrested?" Blackhawk asked tersely.

The lieutenant ignored the question and snapped another command at his corporal.

The prisoners were lined up and marched to a truck, parked at the edge of the field. They were seated in the rear, with the lieutenant and two enlisted men acting as guards. Then the truck was off.

As the truck approached the airport gate that led to the highway outside, the lieutenant looked at Blackhawk and said abruptly. "There's a man loitering by the gate. As we go through it, take a good look at him. Ask no questions, please. I have orders, Senor, not to talk."

Blackhawk did look, and saw a small man with beady eyes and a two-day growth of beard. Blackhawk then turned his eyes back to the lieutenant, but seeing that the man had his face averted, he shrugged and settled back on the seat.

In a little while the truck pulled into a narrow alley and stopped. The prisoners were marched into a nondescript house and left in a dim room. A man dressed in the colonel's uniform of the U. S. Army sat behind a desk in the room. He was smiling.

It took a moment for Blackhawk to recognize the colonel. Then he took a quick step forward

and exclaimed in surprise, "Colonel Pitt!" A bright light began to break over the whole mysterious matter. "So you're the one behind this ruse, I might have known it!"

The colonel chuckled and shot a glance out from under bushy eyebrows at the lieutenant who had followed Blackhawk and his crew into the room. "Take the handcuffs off these men, Lieutenant Garcia," he ordered. "We can all relax now."

While the cuffs were being removed, the colonel explained. "You remember the man Lieutenant Garcia told you to observe, Blackhawk?"

Blackhawk nodded.

"Your arrest and subsequent treatment was not his benefit," said the colonel. "The man's name," continued Colonel Pitt, "is Gregory Garf. He is employed by a character named Stanton Harker, who is suspected of having cooperated with a world-wide espionage syndicate and of amassing a considerable fortune thereby. Harker is under investigation by the joint staffs of the Mexican and American intelligence units. But so far, we've been unable to uncover the slightest evidence that he was working with the spies."

The colonel paused a moment and then went on quietly. "That's where you come in," he said. "Harker's getting nervous. He's afraid of the investigation and wants to leave the country with his cash and, we suspect, certain very important papers. That's why Gregory Garf has been haunting the airport. He's been trying to find someone that would fly his boss out of the country. Catch?"

"Yes," replied Blackhawk. "You want us to let Garf proposition us to fly his boss out. You figure that will flush Harker's cash and papers out into the open. Your agents will then meet us at our destination, confiscate the loot and the papers, and arrest Harker."

"Right!" said the colonel. "We're sure those papers of his are the evidence we need to convict Harker of collaboration with the espionage syndicate. We'll release a statement to the press that you boys are suspected of being smugglers, but have been released for lack of evidence. I'm positive Harker will bite."

"Well, Colonel Pitt," said Blackhawk, smiling at the eager faces of his crew, "you know what our answer is. We'll cooperate."

It was two o'clock in the morning. Floodlights made the landing strip of the Mexico City air-

port look like a stream of glowing, molten metal. Blackhawk fed the rearing motors more gas. The tail lifted, then the rolling wheels, and they were off the ground and away on the long flight to Madrid.

Blackhawk set the controls and glanced back over his shoulder at the crew and the passenger they had taken aboard a few minutes before leaving the airport. "Is everything satisfactory?" he asked, trying to keep the distaste he felt for the man out of his voice.

"Yes," replied Stanton Harker, easing his fat, bulky body back in his seat by the window, and taking a firmer hold on the bulging briefcase that lay on his lap. "Yes, indeed," he repeated. Suddenly he pulled a heavy automatic pistol out of his jacket pocket, levelled it at Blackhawk and the crew. "Very satisfactory," he sneered.

Olaf started to rise from his seat, his blue eyes glinting dangerously. "I can tear you in two," he said gutturally.

"Sit down," grunted Harker. "Sit down, or I will blow off your thick head."

As Olaf sat down, warned by a look from Blackhawk, the fat man turned his head toward the tail of the plane. "Gregory!" he called. "Come out and give me a hand with these fools."

The door of the cargo compartment opened and Gregory Gari came out, a grin on his lips and an ugly looking sub-machine gun in his hands. He swung the gun around to cover the Blackhawks and said decisively, "Surprised, huh?"

"Could be," replied Blackhawk. "But what's this all about? When you contacted us back in Mexico City last night, we made a deal to fly Harker to Madrid. Nobody said anything about keeping us under guard."

Harker's voice broke in. "That is quite true," he said, "and were you truly smugglers as you claimed, this wouldn't have happened. But," he shrugged his shoulders in an attitude of resignation, "you are not!" No, you are the Blackhawks. And you are working for the U. S. Military Intelligence with the sole purpose of trapping me. But," Harker shrugged his heavy shoulders again, "I have trapped you instead."

"So?" jeered Chuck from his seat next to Stanislaus. "What do we do now . . . dance?"

"No," snapped the fat man. "You will fly us to the island of Manatou. You will land at a certain inlet which I shall point out. The spot is remote and very, very private. We will destroy you there and take the plane. Gregory will fly it to a small airport not far from Madrid. We will then dispose of the plane. Neither you nor the plane will ever be found. Presently the authorities will assume that it was lost at sea."

"I see," replied Blackhawk thoughtfully. "Knowing you also were aboard, the authorities will think that you, too, were lost. A very clever plan, my fat traitor, but . . ." and here Blackhawk shot a quick glance at little Chop Chop, who, while attention was diverted away from him, had climbed into the baggage rack overhead . . . "I don't think it will work."

"You fool," boasted Harker hoarsely. "I—"

He broke off in mid-sentence as Chop Chop landed on his fat shoulders from the rack overhead. He clawed frantically at the little Chinese.

At the same moment, Olaf hurled a coiled safety belt at Gregory Gari. It slapped the little gunman across the mouth and threw him off guard for a moment. Before he could recover, Stanislaus had rushed him and knocked the sub-machine gun from his hands. Gari took one look at the towering Stanislaus and slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

Meanwhile, Chop Chop and Chuck had disarmed the fat man, while Andre danced around the edges of the fray, excitedly egging his companions on.

A few minutes later, Harker and Gregory Gari were lying in the aisle of the plane, trussed hand and foot. Andre and Hendrickson meanwhile examined the contents of the briefcase.

Inside it was nearly a half-million U. S. dollars and a small packet of important looking papers.

"Man Dieu!" exclaimed Andre as he pawed his way through them. "These papers are records of a cash transaction between Harker and an espionage ring. Zn is good, eh?"

"Good enough," replied Blackhawk as he swung the nose of the plane back to Mexico City and Colonel Pitt, "good enough to send Stanton Harker to prison for the rest of his unnatural life."

JONESY

WELL, AFTER HIS LONG VACATION, MARVIN CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE BEARING DOWN IN HIS STUDIES!



IT'S GREAT TO SEE A BOY DIVE SO WHOLE-HEARTEDLY INTO HIS LESSONS IMMEDIATELY ON GETTING BACK!



I MUST SHOW AN INTEREST AND GIVE HIM A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT!



PRETTY TOUGH PROBLEM THERE, SON?

OH, NOT TOO TOUGH, DAD—



IF ONE STICKS AT IT... AH! I FINALLY GOT IT!



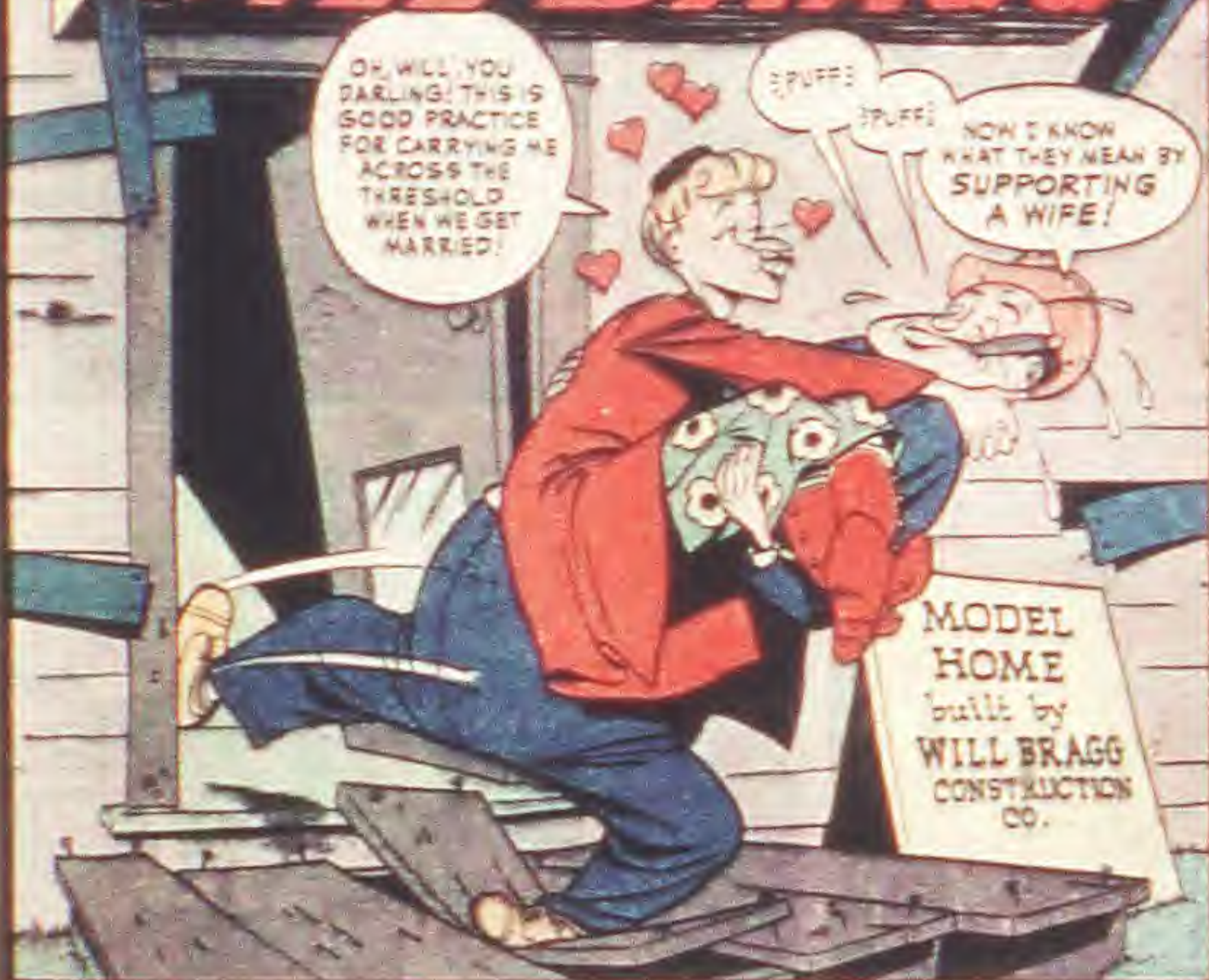
THERE'S EXACTLY 274 DAYS, 39 1/2 WEEKS, 6,576 HOURS, 394,560 MINUTES OR 23,673,600 SECONDS—



UNTIL VACATION BEGINS NEXT YEAR!



WILL BRAGG

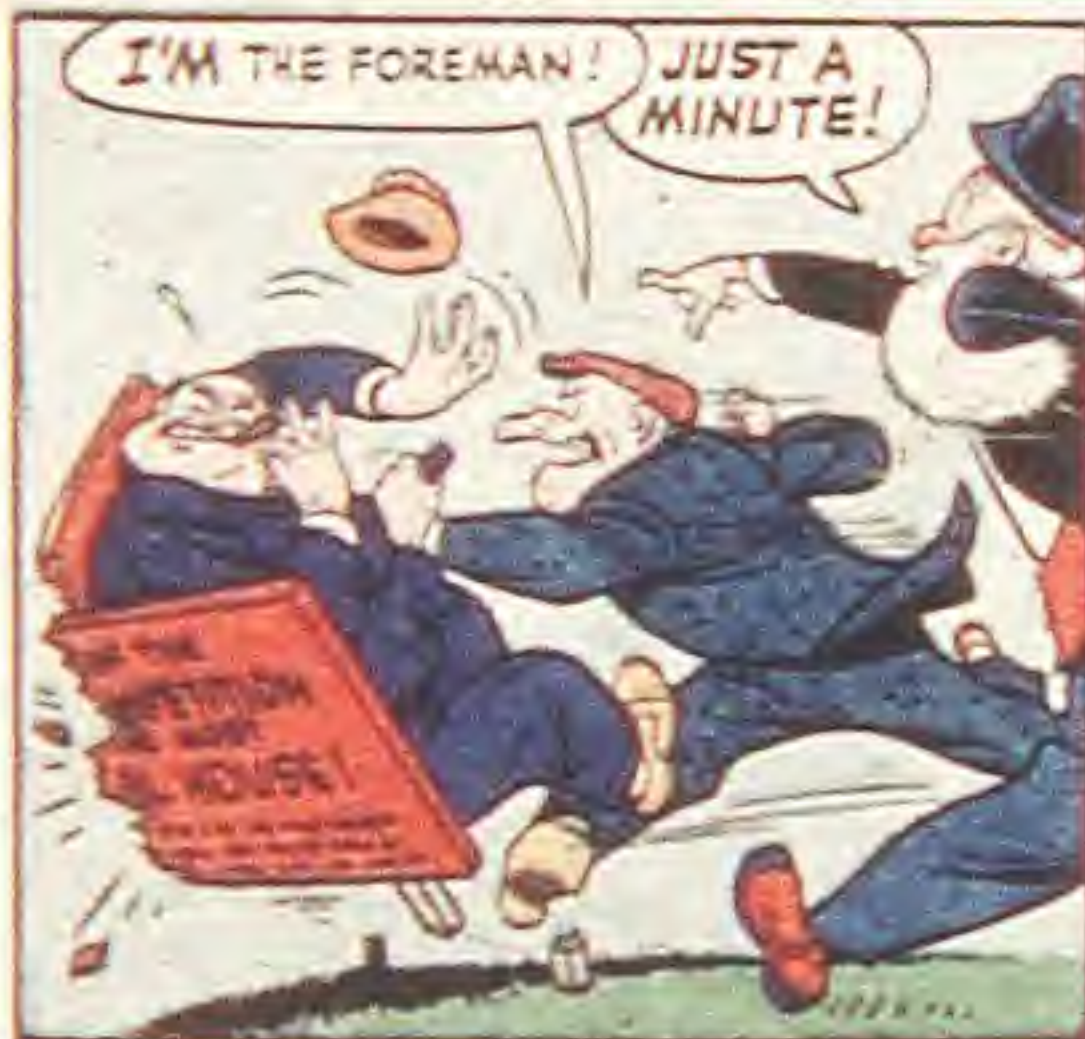














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of
CENTRAL CITY!**



THYROID SHALE
OUR HURLER... CAN
THREAD A NEEDLE WITH
ANY KINDA BALL
YOU WANNA NAME, BUT
THE ONLY
FIRST STRINGER
WE HAVE!

SHUTTLE
THE
SHORTSTOP
BOBBLES UP
GROUNDBERS
LIKE A
VACUUM CLEANER,
BUT THE ONLY
TRUSTWORTHY
ONE WE HAVE!!

FLUNKER IN LEFT FIELD
AND HOKKER THE PINCH-
HITTER ARE ALL THAT YO
WANT... BUT THE ONLY
ONES WE HAVE!!!!



SO WHY CALL ME
IN MONK P... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!!

I CAN'T
HEAR YA!
YADDY, THE
MANAGER IS
SOUNDING OFF
AGAIN! CHON!

WHATS'A
MATTER
WHICHOO
GUYS?
SNAP IT UP,
LOOK ALIVE!!



I SAID WHY
ARE YOU
TELLING ME
ALL THIS?

OH!

COVER
THAT
PLATE!
DON'T
CROWD
Y'R
BAT!



BECAUSE
I HAPPEN TO
KNOW THAT A
GAMBLER HAS
BET A FAT ROLL
AGAINST US
IN THE NEXT
GAME!!

WOW!
WE'D
BETTER
TALK
THIS
OVER
!!!



Commissioner Dolan's Office:

"I THINK SOMEONE'S
FEIN' YOUR NEXT
GAME, EN?"

"YEAH, NO I
THINK I KNOW
WHOL' HE IS."



"KIDS!
BET I
LITTLE
HOODLUMS
CAUSE
ACCIDENTS!"

"HARDLY, DOLAN! WE'RE 3 FLIGHTS
UP... THAT ROCK WAS THROWN BY A
PRO!... HELLO! LET ME SPEAK
TO YAPPY POACHER!"



"YAPPY, I KNOW YOU'RE
AN HONEST PLAYER BUT
THERE'S TALK OF YOUR
TEAM TAKING A
DIVE IN..."



"WHO, ME? *!@?
NEVER!!
C!?"



"DARLING, WHAT
ARE YOU YELLING
ABOUT?"

"THAT
SPIRIT...
ACCUSIN' MY
TEAM OF
THROWIN'
GAMES!"



"WAIT A MIN...
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING, LONNY,
HAVING LUNCH
WIT YER EX-
HUSBAND
LONGCHANCE?"

"EXP
WHAT'D YOU
SAY?"



"YOU HEARD ME!
I'LL BET HE'S
FIXIN'...."



"HELLO, LONGCHANCE,
I'VE GOT IT ALL
FIXED! THE
ORIOLES WILL
LOSE!"







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52 PAGE

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HIT!

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OVER THE PLATE

COLORED LIGHTS
BEAM THE PLAYS

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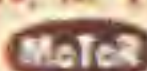
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